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New Things Not Found in Any Books

If the Dirty HOUSE FLY Was as BIG As a DOG

By Professor W. PEABODY BARTLETT

THE remarkable model of the *Musca domestica*, or common housefly, which, as everyone knows, should be called the "typhoid fly," that has recently been placed on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, has led a number of people to make the inquiry, "What would happen if the housefly was as big as a dog?"

This model is as large as a Boston terrier and startles nearly everyone who studies it. It is the work of Ignaz Matusch, a preparator at the museum. He was more than a year working on this, but when it is understood that this model is sixty-four thousand times as big as the housefly and that he has reproduced every one of the nine hundred hairs to be found on the fly, putting each hair in its proper position and giving each its proper coloring, something of the immensity of the task may be understood.

WHAT THE HUGE Three-Foot MODEL of Our Summer Pest TEACHES US

Not only this, but the preparator has carefully followed nature and given the model twelve hundred ocelli, or tiny eyes—for the eyes of the fly are compound and are made up of that number.

Everyone knows by this time what a menace to public health the common housefly has become; everyone, or nearly everyone, knows how easily the fly breeds, how one fly will lay 120 eggs and in ten days these eggs have in turn become fully developed flies. This enables every female fly to be a grandmother plus 12—that is, there are generally 13 generations springing from the fly who deposits her 120 eggs in the Spring.

That these flies carry all sorts of germs, and especially dangerous disease germs, is well known. Typhoid germs are almost always to be found. It was this immense model that set a number of people to asking what would happen if all our flies were as large as that model.

No plague in history could compare with what would happen if this were true. The world's popu-

lation would be killed off in a season, for these flies are found all over the world except in the Arctic regions. It would be impossible to go into detail regarding all the filthy germs the common houseflies bring into the homes, but the deadly typhoid germs will make an example.

Upon one of the claws or "toes" of Mr. Matusch's model, shows Figure 2, which is magnified 1,500 diameters, may be seen some little white spots. These are typhoid bacilli. Mr. Matusch studied thousands of flies in making his model, and he found the average number on the tiny tip of each claw to be twenty-three. Just how many are on the sticky pad of the foot it is difficult to estimate. But, taking the model as an average (see A,

figure 2), it would make forty-six typhoid germs on each foot on the tips of the claws or toes alone, and with six feet, which the fly possesses, there would be a total of 276 germs on the tips of the claws. On the padded feet, which are sticky (see B, Fig. 2), there would be 500 of these deadly germs, or 30,000 on all the feet. This means that every housefly as big as a dog would bring into your home, or bring wherever he alighted, 192,000,000 typhoid germs.

Before man could kill off all such flies he would die of typhoid, as with so many germs about he could not hope to escape. The hungry fly would leave every book and paper and dish and bit of food and floor and wall and everything else, streets and fences and sidewalks absolutely covered with typhoid germs within a week.

Everyone should visit the museum and study this model. It furnishes the best idea of just how the housefly brings dirt and disease into the home.

Figure 1 is from a photograph of the model. Figure 2 shows one claw from the tip of the foot, A indicating position of germs in this claw B showing the sticky pad which is covered with germs and which the fly drags and wipes over everything he comes in contact with, whether it be your lips or your food or the rubber nipple of your baby's nursing bottle. And this pad, being sticky, enables the fly to walk upside down. It also leaves some of the germs and dirt behind every time he puts any of his six feet down.

The housefly cannot bite. But its proboscis carries germs, like its feet, and the germs are in its digestive apparatus; so that flies, dead or alive, are a great danger and even the dirt they leave behind them contains deadly germs.

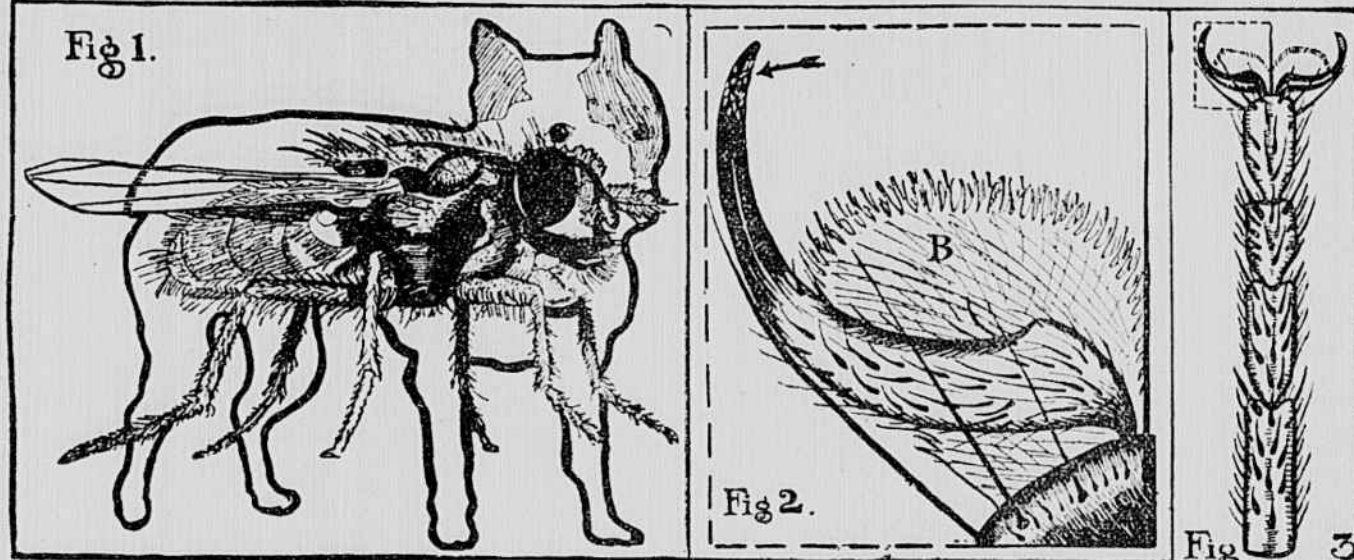


Fig. 1.—Model of Housefly. Fig. 2.—Half of a fly's Foot, Showing at A, Typhoid Bacilli. Fig. 3.—A Fly's Foot and Leg. From Photographs from the American Museum of Natural History, New York

TAKE OFF FAT or Put It On in YOUR BATH-TUB

PROFESSOR FRANZ NAGELSCHMIDT, of Berlin, Germany, after pointing out the poisons that lurk in all anti-fat panaceas, declares that he has for nearly two years employed an electric battery for the reduction of superfluous flesh. This electric battery produces a "foradic" current which sets the little fibres and strands of your muscles in rhythmic, regular, harmonic vibrations. These muscular movements are attuned to the normal rhythm of a resting muscle in such a way that the muscular motions occur without fatigue to the bulk of huge flesh.

Briefly, with this new kind of electricity, Professor Nagelschmidt is able to exercise the muscles hidden away by clumps of fat in such a manner that even the laziest theatregoer, baseball fan or lobster-palace diner fails to feel tired. Furthermore, the circumambient flesh ceases to dangle as an obstruction to the blood supply, the heart or the other vital tissues.

With this novel treatment for obesity the breathing is undisturbed, the pulse remains normal, and all the bodily activities remain unaffected. Even a fraction of the same muscular gymnastics under the old methods for growing thin, such as rolling, crawling, punching the bag and walking, influence the heart action and the pulse unfavorably. This latest plan prevents all of this, does away with "that tired feeling" and eliminates the oleaginous excess.

Fat, then, according to this "Nagelschmidt electric current" can be turned off and on at will. You may take on adipose or eliminate as much as you please. The only question seems to be one of submitting to the battery.

Another method of reducing fat to a minimum, available for many who cannot be placed in touch with this new electricity, is to artificially produce a current of electricity in your bath tubs. Although it is not so

reasonable nor yet absolutely explainable upon our knowledge of the impenetrability of the human skin yet it is a well-proved fact that if Epsom salts or sulphate of magnesium is added to the water of your full bath, in the course of a few months from fifteen to thirty pounds will be eliminated.

Whether this is a mysterious electrolytic action that is set up between your skin and water, or merely a powerful assault of the salt upon the usually impervious skin has not been positively determined. The fact, however, remains that Epsom salts in the bath tub aids materially in reducing your avoirdupois.

It is evident from these two procedures that corpulent persons need not expend all sorts of money upon every published anti-fat remedy. It is far better to apply these certainly harmless, cleanly and non-fatiguing methods discovered by medical men of acknowledged training than to pick up every catchpenny panacea with no other support than the emblazoned words of an advertising writer.

Making Beads Out of June Roses

BEFORE the rose season closes the girl with a fondness for fragrance should make several strings of rose beads. These beads retain their perfume and are beautiful.

Collect fresh rose petals, run them through a grinder several times until they are pulpy. Catch the juice and mix it back each time. After thoroughly grinding the petals take two iron pans; spread the pulp evenly over the bottoms of the pans and set them away in a cool place for twenty-four hours, until the pulp is black on the one side. Then turn it over and let it stay on that side until it is also black. Do not let it stay too long in hot weather as it might sour a little.

Put it through a grinder again and then it is ready to form beads. Make the beads twice as large as you want them as they shrink. Fill a thimble full of pulp, then take

this and roll around in the palm of the hand or spoon until it is as round as you can make it.

Repeat this until you have beads formed. Then have some one hold a hatpin, point up, and string the beads on the hat pin. Take small pieces of paper about an inch square. Put the bead on the pinpoint and then take hold of the corners of the paper and force the beads down the pin with the paper, leaving each bead on the pin. This avoids flattening the ends of the beads. Fill each pin full, not letting the beads touch.

It takes about three days to dry thoroughly. When they are perfectly hard and firm, slip them from the pin and shake and rub them gently in a cloth bag. This polishes them. A little soaking in olive oil improves the polish. Now wipe dry and string on heavy thread or dental floss with little gold, glass or coral beads between each rose bead. It takes about fifty beads for a small string.

A Strictly Parisian Creation

The Chic Parisienne Is Showing a Great Fondness for the Model Pictured Here. At the Races and in the Smartest Cafes of the Boulevards One Sees Many Black Milan Hats Turned Sharply Up at the Left. This Chapeau Is Almost Universally Becoming, But It Takes Clever Fingers to Produce the Simple Elegance with Which the Black Satin Folds Drape the Crown and to Arrange the Magnificent Full Plume at the Most Graceful Angle.



The Field Marshal's Poetry Book

Herman von Edelwald, Prince of Hanz, commander in chief of the army of the Emperor, was buried with his own regiment of Lancers as military escort. Behind the coffin came the late warrior's charger with empty saddle. He was laid into the coffin in his uniform, which might have been covered with decorations, but as he would never wear any but the plain cross, this was the only one that followed him to his grave.

In his hands he held a little blue poetry book, for this had been the last thing he had asked for. When his last hour approached his Emperor, who afterward followed behind his coffin as principal mourner, bent over him and asked: "Is there anything I may do for you, Prince? The dying man looked at the table standing near the bed and whispered: "The casket."

"Do you want me to open it?" The dying general nodded. It was a small but very costly golden casket of wonderful beauty, the only article of luxury in the plainly furnished room.

The Emperor opened it and found inside a poetry book.

"Will Your Majesty please lay it into my hands when I am in my coffin?" said Prince Hanz. "I have neither wife nor child, neither brother nor sister, but if my Emperor will do this for me I shall die happy."

Nobody knew what the little book contained, except an old white-haired lady.

Once, many years ago, a young man spent a whole Summer at Hanz, then a fashionable mountain resort. He was an officer on furlough because of a wound in his left arm. Being an artist, he painted many pictures with his right hand while resting the left.

Soon after a brother came to Hanz with his two young sisters. The young officer knew them by sight as they came from his own home. He was the Count of Eulenstein and his sisters, Augusta and Margaret. The Eulenstein were very poor, but could trace their ancestors back to the time of Charlemagne. The Count was tall and dark and his poverty made him appear cold and stiff. His sister Augusta resembled him in appearance and carried herself with the dignity of a queen.

Margaret, the younger sister, was ten years younger. Her face was as pale as a lily, with a faint touch of

color in the cheeks. Her eyes were dark blue with long, silky lashes.

The young officer was charmed by her beauty. Herman von Edelwald was a soldier, but in the presence of women he lacked his usual courage. He went to his work as usual the next day and all the following days, but he kept his eye on the gate of the hotel to see when the Count and his sisters went out for a walk.

The lieutenant sat opposite them at the table, and occasionally he threw a stolen glance at Margaret, but, once his eyes met the Count's, which were hard and cold like steel.

Next day Margaret had changed her seat. The Count sat opposite him now and between the two sisters was an empty chair, which was soon taken by a young officer whom Edelwald knew. His name was Geismar and he was the son of an enormously wealthy official. It was not very long before Edelwald discovered that he was the favored suitor for Margaret's hand. Margaret, though, did not address a single word to her neighbor.

The lieutenant rose from the table and took a long walk, but he felt as if the whole world had suddenly grown dark.

After that day Margaret grew paler and more tired, and very often she did not appear in the dining room, but had her meals brought to her room.

One evening in September Geismar dined with some friends from the recent campaign. Edelwald was also among the guests. Wine flowed and Geismar, who was usually exceedingly reserved, grew quite eloquent. The others teased him because he stayed so long in Hanz and he made no secret of the fact that it was because his father had taken it into his head that he must marry the youngest Countess Eulenstein, though personally he did not want to marry a delicate and sickly girl and had quite made up his mind to fight her brother rather than marry a "—." The French word he used was not a pretty one.

The words had barely left his lips when Hermann von Edelwald stood up and struck him in the face. The next morning they fought, Edelwald ran his sword through Geismar's shoulder, and could have killed him had he wanted to. As soon as the wound had been bandaged, Edelwald walked up to him and said: "You

must not send the letter to your father you spoke of. I forbid you to break off with Countess Eulenstein."

"And who are you that you try to command me, may I ask?"

"You will obey or I swear that I will kill you like a dog. If you cause Margaret von Eulenstein a single moment's pain I will kill you on the spot."

Despite the wonderful mountain air, and all the doctors could do, and in spite of Geismar's sudden tenderness, the young girl grew rapidly worse. Everybody except the Count and Augusta saw that she was dying, but these two had no other thought than to have the engagement made public.

One early morning Margaret died and her cheeks were no paler in death than they had been during her last days. The Count and Augusta were in despair, they had never doubted that their sister would recover and with her death all their plans vanished.

Late in the afternoon a visitor was announced. On the card stood "Lieutenant Hermann, Count von Edelwald."

"It is the young painter," said Augusta, "I wonder what he wants."

"A visit of condolence, I suppose," said her brother, "but I never knew he was a Count."

The young lieutenant entered and expressed his sympathy in simple words, that went straight to their hearts.

"I am an artist, as well as a soldier and it would give me great pleasure if you would let me paint your sister's portrait and give it to you in memory of her."

The Count was about to refuse but Augusta stopped him.

"Nothing could make me more happy," she said, "for we have no portrait of Margaret since she was a child."

The Count's brow darkened and he said impatiently: "And how do you know that this gentleman is able to paint her portrait?"

"His face tells me so," said Augusta, who had a woman's intuition.

As the lieutenant was about to start he received a letter ordering him to join his regiment. He figured out that he had only six hours in which to carry out his promise, but as Augusta removed the white cloth which covered the dead girl's face

he knew that he could do it.

He began working slowly, carefully studying the features he loved so until they came back to life in his mind. His brush worked more and more swiftly and it was no longer necessary to look at the dead.

The church bells were ringing the Angelus and the carriage he had ordered was at the door as he put the last touches to the picture.

Augusta stood up and looked at it with the sincerest admiration. "It is wonderful," she exclaimed. "It is our dear Margaret just as she looked when she left school. But how have you been able to paint this? You have never seen her look like that. It is a miracle."

"I loved her," said the lieutenant quietly, saluted and left, and Augusta was alone with the portrait of a charming, smiling young girl, a perfect image of her sister whose eyes were closed forever.

As she went back to cover the face of the body she saw a smile on the lips which had not been there before. It was like a reflection of the happiness in the face of the girl Hermann had painted, "because he loved her."

The day after the funeral Augusta found the little blue poetry book among her sister's things. She opened it and found copies of the poems the young girl had loved but on the last pages she had written the story of her untold love. On the last page, which had not been finished, Augusta read:

"To-day I stood near him for a short moment as he returned with his brushes and sketch book. His arm touched mine. I know it was quite accidental, but if Augusta had not caught my arm I should have fainted. Oh, how I wish I might live a little longer, now that I know how I love him—"

This had been written the day before Margaret died. The Count came in just then and Augusta hid the book in her pocket. "This is intended for no man's eyes—for nobody's eyes but for mine," she went back into the death chamber and while she stood there looking at the picture which was now almost dry, she seemed to see a new light in the eyes Edelwald had painted.

"Yes, for one other's eyes," she whispered, as she wrapped up the book and addressed it to Edelwald's regiment.